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Editorials



The Libelling Conjunction

"To talk about one's neighbors is a small but contemptible fault."

She's a mighty fine girl but—and there you leave her with her character suspended in mid air, while with the soul of piety shining in your face, you firmly close your lips and leave the recipient of these words to wonder whether the girl in question has a secret desire to appear on the vaudeville stage or merely plays cards on Sunday.

Or perhaps, you other one, you don't close your lips on her sins. You continue in a righteous voice and leave no room for doubt or conjecture in the minds of your listener, while you boldly dissertate on the probability that her only use of study hour and Sunday afternoon "Med" is as a time for research work on the problem of how the rules and regulation in the handbook sound when they break.

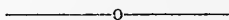
And who is this girl, whom in your own mind you fancy, that if you had been her creator you could have improved so much? Is she some lowly outcast of the college community?

Oh, no! She's just a friend of yours, a classmate, perhaps, or one who often aids you in overcoming your difficulties and in finding solutions to your problems. Now even though we happen to agree with Omar Khayyam when he suggests that it would be a pretty good thing to smash up this old scheme of things, (including one's friends, I suppose) and remould it so that it would suit our own ego, still I think we should all agree that there are different methods of accomplishing this end. And even though the end is worthy, which is doubtful, is the best method of accomplishing it, I wonder, that of disparagement of her sins and weaknesses behind her back?

Wouldn't this be a jolly old place to live in if half of us practiced half that we preach?

An orange peeling is a very useful thing—when it's on the orange. Paper is a very useful thing—on which to write. But, oh! isn't it a joy to be able to make ornaments of these useful articles when we distribute them outside our dormitory windows!

From dust we came and to dust we shall return. It might be assumed that some of us are already on the way by the amount sometimes seen on our floors.



Second Sight

"We never really see a room but one time." And what care we do take to decorate the room for this one time! First we relieve the bareness of the walls. We hang our favorite Harrison Fisher picture and above that we paste or pin the latest,

most popular movie actress, which we have clipped from "Photo-Play." Then the Carolina pennant goes up at an angle of 45 degrees to look "cute," you know, and at the point of the pennant we hang our Gibson head. On the other side of the room we hang that landscape in water-colors between a Coca-Cola calendar and a "skin you love to touch" picture. Now where shall we put the three remaining pennants? The third side of the rooms looks empty, so we put them in a row at different heights all at the 45 degree angle and turn the N. C. C. W. pennant upside down (we all know what it is anyway) as they all wont point the same way and grow monotonous. Now, there are still a few bare spots and our pictures are all gone, but a happy idea seizes us and we grab scissors and the Red Book and cut out all striking illustrations and advertisements, and hasten to pin them between pictures and pennants, at various heights, to look different, don't you know?

Now the furniture looks too stiff. Pull the bed away from the wall at an odd angle and put the bureau across one corner and the washstand across the other. My, how clever we were to think of it! Then place the table in the middle of the floor and stretch the rug on that bare spot between the bureau and table. Now don't forget the kewpie, the bisque dog, the glass cat, and the ribbon calendar for the bureau. And how "darling" our room does look!

Now if we can pull ourselves away from our cozy corner, let's leave and when we return imagine that we are seeing it for the first time. We open the door. The walls leap at us and we feel that the old circus days are back again with the jazz band playing "Could You Believe It?" The Gibson girl looks jealously across the Carolina pennant at the Harrison Fisher lovers, and the "Skin you love to touch" man winks over the girl's shoulder at the coca-cola lady, while the landscape scene gasps, "What is this old world coming to?" Too dazed to think, we follow the rug and it bumps us into the corner of the

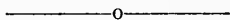
table. The bed yawns ready to catch our falling figure. We lie there gasping, for we have seen our room for the first time.

J. R. '22.

Most of us agree with the old Quaker, "Everybody's queer but thee and me, and sometimes I think thee's a little queer."

Dame Rumor has a patent for stretching the truth that beats elastic any day, and most of us are good advertising agents.

How nice it is that no one is ever "broke" when we begin to collect fees!



Spring Fancies Wanted!

Spring is coming down the lane! The birds chirp out the news, the warm sunshine drives it in, the wild onions on the campus green prick up our memories, and show us that it takes more than a calendar to tell us spring is coming. According to all of our gone-but-not-forgotten poets.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns"—

Let us hope this is the case with young ladies' fancies—and that their fancies like the upstarting wild onions on the campus will bud and open full on the pages of the Coraddi.

E. G., '22.

Had you noticed that our campus has begun to look like our grandfather's bald head?

Don't be frightened at those ghostly white spots hopping over the campus; they are only white slippers attached to black stockings.

The Song of the Dare-Devil

Kathryn Willis, '20, *Adelphian*.

There's a sweet, sad lilt to the wee bird's song; blue skies are
tinged with gray;

There are wrinkled leaves on autumn trees and there's darkness
in the day.

There are sobs and sobs, and sobs beneath our fellow's song

As we go our way rejoicing, as we toil our way along.

And often when I'm weary, when life seems rather dreary I
can't be sad,

For I know that all my troubles soon will break and burst as
bubbles, and I'm glad, glad, glad.

I do not know I'm tired, I do not know I'm blue,

For I'm traveling with a pal that is ever kind and true,

And tho cares the world is bringing and with grief my heart
is wringing

God and I are pals and somehow He keeps me singing,

Keeps me singing, keeps me singing,

Tho with grief my heart is wringing, slowly wringing.

God and I are pals and somehow He keeps me singing,

Keeps me singing.

It's a long, long trail together, a long and lovely trail.

With His world-worn eyes upon me I simply cannot fail

I must go a good bit farther; I must sing along the way

For tho Heavens may be golden, I love His world o' day.

I love His hill, His city, His country and His plain;

I love His fragrant flower; His tiny drops of rain.

But most of all I love as we travel on our way
Are His God-filled people and the cheering things they say;
For up the hill, down the hill, all along the road
God and I are pals and He carries half the load.
Half the load, half the load,
All along the road, lovely road,
God and I are pals and He carries half the load,
Half the load.

I love His fluffy snows, to hear His thunder crash;
To see His dainty rainbow, to see His lightning flash;
To hear the pelter, pelter of the rain when skies are gray;
To hear the muffled music of the brook across the way.
Oh, I love Him everywhere, in all of nature's parts,
But most of all I love Him down in human hearts
For he loves His world o' people with their sorrows hidden deep,
Who are smiling in the daylight, who are crying in their sleep.
And thru all the merry sunshine, and thru all the misty rain
God and I are pals and He's sharing half the pain.
Half the pain, half the pain,
Thru the sunshine, thru the rain, misty rain
God and I are pals and He's sharing half the pain.
Half the pain.



"Love Conquers All"

Augusta Sapp, '23, *Cornelian*.

He loved her with all his heart. Her big house which adjoined his small one seemed to suggest her to him. It was so grand, so wonderful. Every day he would come out and casually wait for her approach, then when she had gone by he would return.

Madge lived with her mother, who was an invalid. Every day she went to work in an office in order that the last day of her mother's life should lack nothing in comfort and pleasure. A little package which she brought home under her arm every evening spoke for itself of whom she had been thinking during the day.

Jack lived all alone. The romantic thoughts of Madge kept him from being lonely during the days, and the fact that he kept watch over her house while she slept, made him look forward to the nights with pleasure. Any way in which to serve her was his greatest delight. Every evening, as soon as it was dark, he slipped thru the fence that divided the two houses, crept up to her porch and slept in a big chair there till the first rays of the rising sun spoke of the approach of a new day. Then he awoke with a start and looked around in fear that she would discover him and be righteously angry that he would dare take such a privilege, when, he realized, she did not even know that such a person as he existed.

One morning her mother arose early, owing to the fact that she hadn't been able to sleep at all during the night. It was fresh and crisp out in the early fall morning. She went out.

The sight of Jack sleeping peacefully made her heart jump, and she was frightened at first; then she recognized him and smiled softly to herself. She understood! She knew only too well the fact that Madge despised Jack with all the ardor of her youth. Madge seemed just a little afraid of him, and, so never, in the least degree, did she let him suspect that she knew of his presence. Every time she came in she would tell her mother that she had seen that old "horrid Jack" watching her as she passed. Her mother, in her own gentle way, tried to tell Madge how much Jack really thought of her. As she opened the door, all these thoughts were rushing thru her head. Jack slept right on. She knew it would never do for Madge to discover this new evidence of affection and interest, so she knocked against a convenient chair, and the noise made Jack awake with a start. He looked around, as if to get his bearings, and, when his eyes fell on Madge's mother, he began to realize all that had happened. He had never been so close to her before, and this fact completely unnerved him. He got up quickly and, without a backward look, departed. He failed to catch the understanding sigh which Mrs. Barbee uttered. She felt the greatest sympathy in the world for Jack, and understood full well just how he felt about Madge.

"I wonder if he guards us—Madge—like this every night," she mused as she straightened the pillow in the chair which Jack had just vacated. "I think I shall tell Madge about it, and maybe she will overcome the dislike she now feels for him."

When Madge learned of the proceedings of the night before, she looked thoughtful.

"I wonder what made him do that?" she enquired.

"Dear, you know how in some natures love is pre-eminent," teased her mother. "I truly think Jack worships the very ground you walk on. I don't blame him, tho! I don't see how anyone could help but love my baby," she added as she fondly put Madge's coat about her shoulders.

That evening, when Madge returned home, she was ac-

accompanied by a young man, who, if appearances are not very deceitful, was quite interested in her. When they passed by, Jack had just come back from a long walk. He passed them on the sidewalk and was very much surprised, as well as hurt, to hear Madge say after they had passed, "I declare he worries me to death. I just hate him. It seems like every day he watches me when I go to work and he is always here when I return."

The young man seemed quite indignant and Jack went home with his head in a whirl. She hated him! That night he didn't go over to her porch, as he had done for a long time. He really couldn't. He was too romantic for her, he realized. She hated him!

For a week he went out every day only to return at dark. In no manner did he go near the big white house which he used to watch so tenderly. Mrs. Barbee noticed this, and wondered at it. In her heart, she was fond of Jack, although he had never paid the least attention to her. She kept her thoughts to herself, tho, and calmly waited for Madge to mention the sudden and apparent change of attitude. It came sooner than she expected. That evening, when Madge was coming home, something happened which made her mother shudder when Madge told her about it. She said that a man had followed close behind her all the way from her downtown office. She had thought nothing at all about the matter until she was directly in front of Jack's house, when the stranger tapped her familiarly on the shoulder, and asked her to let him walk with her the rest of the way. She decided, on the impulse of the first frightened moment, not to pay the slightest attention to him. She did not answer him, and he took her arm in a firm grasp. She uttered a scream, altho' she knew the moment it was out that it was absolutely useless. Who could hear it? There was nobody near except her mother, who was too feeble to even attempt to walk this far at night. This scream was not useless, however, for it was heard by one who always seemed to be on

the alert. Jack ran from his house and gracefully vaulted the low fence which surrounded the yard. He jumped on the presuming stranger in such a way as to make the force of his presence known. The man felt his anger and also realized that the best policy would be to make his exit as he knew only too well how far his strength would go against Jack's, if all the attacks would be like the first. He ran quickly away. When the presence of a third one on the scene became known to Madge, she turned and ran swiftly to her own home, and came upon her mother, breathless and fully frightened.

"How in the world do you suppose Jack happened to be so near," questioned her mother. "It seems strange to me that he was right there ready to come. Do you know, Madge, since some time last week he has been going off somewhere every day, returning after dark, and, dear, he has not since the morning I discovered him, slept on the porch to guard you while you sleep! I have noticed every morning. I can't imagine what has happened."

Madge told her mother about the time Bob walked home with her and they passed Jack.

"I said something horrid about him. I really meant to see if he had sense enough to take it in. Mother, I looked at him and he seemed all—well crushed. I guess that is when all this started."

"Did you notice how thin he has become, Madge? I don't believe he has had a bite to eat since that day. He doesn't look like it. I'll tell you a plan of mine. Listen, Madge, do you loathe him as much as you did at one time?"

"Well, mother," laughed Madge nervously, "I can't truthfully say I do. I am really surprised. I didn't dream he was like that. I can never forget what happened tonight. If it hadn't been for him ——."

"You know he is lonesome over there, so why can't we let him come over here and live with us. He loves you, dear, and just think what company he would be for me during the day and at

nights, he would be a great protection and we would feel safe then. I will never feel safe after what happened tonight, Madge, until something is done."

"Well, mother, let's go and tell him now! I tell you, you get his supper ready—Now be sure and fix just exactly what you think he would like—while I go and get him." She ran out before her mother could answer, happy in her thoughts. Mrs. Barbee was very interested in this new venture, and that was what she needed to keep her from being so lonesome and to make her happy. She would do anything to make her mother forget herself and the fact that she suffered constantly. She ran quickly to where she had just had her few frightened moments. Nowhere could she see Jack. She slipped thru an open space in the fence and directed herself toward the little house. It was not quite dark. The outline of the little house stood out clearly. She ventured closer and closer. Soon, when she was near enough, she called softly:

"Jack, oh, Jack!"

She heard a rustle and a light step. Something brushed against her.

"Jack," she said hastily, "We want you to do us a great big favor. Will you come over and stay with us? Mother wants you, and—so do I," She pled, as tho' speaking it to a child.

His joy was apparent. Never in all his life had he been quite so happy. His Madge talking to him—Hhe didn't quite understand all that was happening except that she was leading him to her house—the Castle of His Dreams!

He jumped up and raced back and forth before her. His eyes full of light, his tail violently wagging, his whole little dog-heart filled with happiness.

The Bottom of the Sea

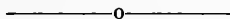
Kathryn Willis, '20, *Adelphian*.

There's a queer, queer place on the bottom of the sea
 Beneath the moaning wave,
Beneath the foam, the dashing foam,
 The winds that howl and rave;
For down, down, down on the ocean's floor,
 Far below the waters weary,
There are waters calm to give hearts balm,
 A place for the tired and dreary.

In this queer, queer place on the bottom of the sea,
 Where the crystal fish ever dwell,
There's pirate's gold and wealth entold
 Hidden beneath the shell;
There's yellow gold and pink, pink shell,
 Beautiful beyond belief,
For the mermaids fair who dwell down there,
 Far below the coral reef.
But they float and swim with grace and vim
 And the gold they never heed
In this queer, queer place on the bottom of the sea
 Far from the money greed.

There are pearls and pearls and pearls
 And flowers that strangely haunt—
Flowers that show to this world below,
 Flowers that never flaunt.

In this queer, queer place on the bottom of the sea
 There's many a human skull,
And there are bones washed clean in the seaweed green,
 Down, down, down in the waters dull.
And the fish ever glare with their big-eyed stare
 And the mermaids hum a tune
To friend and foe in the waters below—
 And the waters croon and croon.
There are wrecks of ships both new and old,
 and there's many a ghastly sight
In this haunting place, this taunting place,
 This place that knows no light.



Daybreak

Mary H. Blair, '21, *Cornelian*.

A pale golden gauze is stretched across
A pale blue morning sky
Above the faint rose tints of dawn;
Among the soft shapes and hues of trees
A tall black cedar cuts a Gothic arch
 In the golden wall;
Among the soft twittering of waking birds
A mocker raises an insistant note
 Of his matin song.

Stones for Bread

Ruth Vick, '21, *Cornelian*.

Twenty-five years ago our country spent \$17,500,000 on education. In 1920, she spent \$140,000,000. A great increase in expenditure, and yet the United States is today facing an educational crisis. Is she meeting it? Partially, yes. Will she conquer it? She will, if she hopes ever to become a pure democracy, for in a democracy all things wait on education.

Many, many years ago, our forefathers in a moment of enthusiasm, solemnly declared that every individual had the right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Beautiful phrases these were, sincere and earnest, yet they talked a very definite something. 'Tis easy to give a man a right to a privilege, but what about the means and opportunity of securing it? Our forefathers believed in that great principle which they so solemnly declared, and yet they failed to give the only means of securing that right—a guarantee to as much education as an individual desired. And so on down through the years, there has been an educational problem, and today it has become a crisis.

Our colleges and universities are over-crowded; they lack the necessary equipment with which to carry on their work; they lack a well-trained faculty; and they lack the funds with which to pay that faculty. And then, all over our country are boys and girls whose souls are starving for lack of an opportunity of a higher education. It is the greatest tragedy that could come upon us. We shuddered with horror when we

thought of the best blood of our land being shed on the battlefield of France, and yet we sit back comfortably enough while the lives of our best boys and girls are being stunted, while their ideals are being stifled, and their hopes shattered. Is it worse to take a man's life or to kill his hopes and ambitions? There's the problem. Many of us are facing it, but a great majority of us do not see any problem, for we are still living under the illusion that a man should be satisfied as long as he has food, shelter, and clothing.

Why are our boys and girls so earnest in their efforts to secure a higher education? An answer to that question might be found in many causes; however, back of these causes, there seems to be one great, passionate desire—the desire of obtaining truth. We have long been fooling ourselves into believing that we are living under a perfect system which needs no change. We got on fairly well with this illusion until the war came. The war swept away from the minds of the rising generations all such false and absurd ideas. They begun to think, and as they thought they soon came to know that the hope of the world system lay in recognizing the untruths about its life, and and in seeking to obtain the truth. They saw the illusions in our religious bodies, in our social and industrial orders, and in our political and financial systems. They saw and knew that reform could only come through knowing the truth.

This desire of obtaining truth may not be the driving motive of all in their efforts to obtain a higher education but it must be the motive of a large majority of young men and women who are seriously and earnestly thinking. They are interested, they are honest, they are sincere.

What, then, are we actually doing about this crisis? In most of our states we are waging campaigns for the development of our institutions of higher learning. Right here in our own state of North Carolina, for instance, we are waging a campaign which demands the attention of every citizen. North Carolina is woefully deficient in higher education and the pur-

pose of this campaign is to arouse the educational spirit of the people of our state so that they will respond to the call of our boys and girls for a higher and more efficient system of education.

Never before in the history of our state has there been such a demand for education—our boys and girls stand knocking at the doors of higher learning and we say to them: “No room for you; go elsewhere.” But the great tragedy of it all lies in the fact that they cannot go elsewhere for the same crowded conditions exist in every state. These over-crowded conditions exist in every one of our thirty-one colleges. What is wrong with us? We certainly have the wealth because,

1. North Carolina is the richest state in the south.
2. North Carolina paid \$165,000,000 in taxes into the federal treasury last year.
3. North Carolina spent \$36,500,000 on automobiles last year.
4. North Carolina ranks second in textile industries.
5. North Carolina ranks fourth in agricultural products.

Yet in the face of these facts we find the following conditions in our system of higher education:

1. North Carolina has spent only \$14,000,000 on college equipment in two and one half centuries.
2. North Carolina spent only \$2,500,000 on her thirty-one colleges last year.
3. North Carolina is the forty-seventh state in money spent on higher education.
4. North Carolina turned away 2,500 students from her colleges this past fall.
5. North Carolina will turn away 3,500 additional students from her colleges next fall if the educational crisis is not met.

Again, we ask what is wrong with us? It is not lack of wealth, but it is lack of an educational spirit. What we need is to get the facts before the people and to awaken in them a burn-

ing desire for higher education. We must not only make it possible for our colleges to accommodate every student who asks for admission, but also to give to them the best education that can be secured in the United States. North Carolina will do this, if she hopes to retain her position as one of the greatest, progressive states in the union. The United States will meet her crisis if she hopes to regain her place as one of the most influential of the world powers.



Mud Pies

Mary H. Blair, '21, *Cornelian*.

Alice Banford was slicing off transparent pieces of bread to try out the new sandwich receipt she had just found in "The Public Ledger," when six-year-old Bessie appeared bearing in one muddy hand a gilt-edged Nile green envelope. Glancing at the address with its huge capitals, flourishes and querli-queues, Alice neatly opened the letter with the bread knife, as Bessie returned to her bakery on the back steps.

"Bet Ellen's having the time of her life down at the beach," Alice murmured as she unfolded the Nile green sheets and began to decipher the fantastic arabesque designs with which they were decorated.

"Alice Darling," she read, "you ought to be down here. I have never had such a grand time posolutely! Dancing, surf bathing, riding, boating, 'n everything! I have met just the loveliest people—you'd be crazy about them, especially Mr. Alfred Nelson, who has just graduated from college and is in the auto business here. He is a tall, slender, blond fellow with the cutest mustache. He's a dandy little dancer, too. And then there's that clever New Preston. He keeps you dying laughing all the time and wondering what he is going to say next. And he is so musical—plays the violin and piano and sings tenor like Caruso. And his curly black hair and big brown eyes! Oh, boy! And dear old Uncle Andrew is a good sport. He likes to take a crowd of young folks out in his car. He's real jolly and sort of rich, you know, and sure does give you a

swell time. In politics he can outtalk anybody. I don't like to get him started on the league of nations or bolshevism or any of those dry subjects you're so nutty about. But you ought to meet him. Aunt Emily is a treasure of a chaperone, too. She is so literary—always takes a book along and settles down in a hammock or among some cushions and remains dead to the world during the whole picnic or boating party. Ned's sister is a mighty sweet girl, but she is not as goodlooking as her brother. They have a wonderful cousin who is coming down to spend a few weeks pretty soon. I crave to see him. They say he is so artistic and a poet and everything, you know. He quotes Shelley and Byron all the time, and writes perfectly lovely poems and some of them have been published. And he paints, too. Just think, maybe he'll be famous some day and won't it be thrilling to have known him when he was a struggling young artist? I bought Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" yesterday, and I am going to look up something about famous paintings in the library. I have already decided that I like Mona Lisa better than any of the other Madonnas; not that she is good looking, but, you know, everybody raves about that "insrutable smile." I got to read up about a lot of this artistic stuff. I adore it anyhow, don't you? There is a Harrison-Fisher picture in my room that I think is just precious. "Well, honey, I guess I better stop and dress. Alfred is coming around to take me for a ride, and I have the most heavenly little sport suit, maybe a little loud but just the thing for this place.

"Alice, dear, I do wish you were here with me. You'd have a perfectly gorgeous time! Do write soon. Oceans of Love,

ELLEN."

Alice thoughtfully refolded the letter.

"Gee, some people do have all the luck," she muttered, "Here I am in this pokey old town, cooking beans and sewing buttons on Bessie's aprons, while Ellen is playing around all day long at the seashore and meeting all kinds of interesting

folks. Well, of course, I know we can't afford a vacation this summer. But, still ——."

She stopped and listened to the chatter of little Bessie and her playmate on the kitchen steps.

"Play like this grass is cabbage," suggested one. "I love cabbage, don't you?"

"Yeh, 'n' p'like this is a weddin' cake, huh?" rejoined the other eager and contented voice, "'n' these sticks 'll be candles, huh?"

Alice went out to admire the wedding cake and to add a few raisin cookies to the Barmacide Feast. Her Aunt Laura who lived next door, was standing by the fence.

"Why, Alice," she said, "I was just looking for you. How would you like to spend a few weeks at the beach?"

"At Harland Beach! Why, that's just what I was thinking about! Not that I was expecting to go, you know, but I had a letter from Ellen and she's wild about Harland Beach. But you don't really mean it, Aunt Laura?"

"Yes, the doctor told me I just must take a vacation, and the seaside air was exactly what I needed. I guess your mother can spare you for three or four weeks, don't you?"

When Alice and her aunt arrived at Harland Beach, the girl hastened to call up her friend and tell her how "thrilled she was at the opportunity of meeting those unusually interesting acquaintances that Ellen had written of, particularly the young poet, tho she was afraid she would expose her ignorance of art the first thing." Ellen reassured her, saying that "he was a dear and she had got along with him beautifully. She was coming right over and plan a party, so that Alice could meet them all right away."

"Ellen 'came over' and talked gayly as Alice and Aunt Laura unpacked. Then she telephoned Aunt Emily to bring Uncle Andrew, when he came home from the office, to meet the newcomers and take them riding.

During the ride, Alice sat beside Uncle Andrew, and re-

membering that Ellen had commented in her letter on his interest in politics, she began to speak of a recent revelation of municipal corruption in her home town and the amount of money spent to buy up votes. The statesman then kindly began to enlighten her as to the best methods:

"Now, there's no use wasting all that money, you know. Let the other fellow spend it. Just use your brains instead of your coin. You see, here's how you work it. You pick out your men, but you don't show your hand till the night before the 'lection. Then get out your liquor and pass it around to these fellows the other party's so sure of and just one bottle, mind you, at the psychological moment 'll bring 'em over to your side."

"But how about the prohibition law?" interposed Alice, "Isn't it rather difficult and dangerous to carry out that plan now?"

"O, money, my dear," he confided, "Money 'll do anything, you know."

"Well, it's so nice," responded Alice, "to have some experienced man like you to enlighten us on the art of politics just when we are entering the field."

"Um," he grunted, "Some folks are afraid that women 'll stir up a rumpus now that they got the vote; but watch what I say, they'll just line up like the men and the G. O. P. 'll still be as safe as ever."

Later in the evening, Alice talked with Ellen's Aunt Emily, the literary. "I brot along a few books by Wells, Conrad and Hardy. Wonder if I'll have time to read them? Ellen tells me you read a great deal," Alice ventured, "And I brot some Victorian novelists along, too. You know, I have never yet read 'Vanity Fair.'"

"Would you like to?" asked Aunt Emily, agreeably, "We take it. I just picked out a dress in there I'd like Ellen to have."

"Oh, yes, I'd love to see it," smiled Alice. "Uh—perhaps

you are interested in the American humorists, Mrs. Clapp. Of course, you've read Tom Sawyer."

"Le's see," mused Mrs. Clapp, "I've heard of that book. It was written by Huck Finn, wasn't it? Why, Alice, dear, I hadn't noticed you had such a terrible cough! You must let me give you some menthol drops."

"Thank you," murmured Alice, removing the handkerchief from her serious lips, "I must have caught it on that dusty train."

"Well, dearie, if you like to read you can borrow all my books you want to. I'm reading one now by Harold Bell Wright. I think he's just fine, don't you? And I just can't help crying over his books to save my life—I guess I'm too tenderhearted! Oh, have you ever read "Prudence of the Parsonage"? It's the sweetest story! I know you've read "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." And I'll tell you what's the best book I've ever read—it's wonderful! It's called "Ishmael." It's about this real poor boy that's in love with a beautiful rich girl, and she makes fun of him. And she marries a foreign count and he tries to kill her and Ishmael saves her and marries her. The count kills himself, you know, in prison. Oh, it's so sad in some places, and it's so exciting you can't put it down! It's just grand!"

The next evening Ellen gave a small party for her friend at Mrs. Clapp's cottage. Ned Preston came early; and Ellen, after introducing him to Alice, left them on the porch to become acquainted, while she went in to see that the salad had the proper ingredients and that the best dance records were conveniently placed.

Ned's hair was indeed curly; in fact, Alice would have called it kinky. And by his size and manner she judged that it had not been a great while since he had first donned long trousers. But he was not diffident in the least. He began by asking permission to smoke and then continued, "I don't know whether Ellen's told you anything about me or not, but she's

talked so much about you that I feel like old friends, even if you are such a highbrow as she says."

"Highbrow!" echoed Alice, "Why, I was expecting to feel as insignificant as a mosquito among you talented folks!"

"Mosquitoes! Golly!" exclaimed Ned, "If you make as much impression down here as the mosquitoes do, you'll be the hit of the season."

"Yes, when a mosquito tries to express his personality he usually does get hit; but, really, Ellen did say some very nice things about you and your sister. She's coming, of course?"

"Oh, yeh, Alf's bringing her. You've heard of Alf Nelson?"

"Yes, he's the 'college graduate who is in the auto business,'" Alice quoted.

"Humph! College—yeh, business college! He's in the office of Hewitt's garage. He's a good fellow, tho. I'm going to the U. next year, you know. Don't know exactly what course I'll take, but I'm going in for the Glee Club and dramatics."

"Ellen mentioned that you were musical. Why didn't you bring your violin along tonight?"

"Oh, did she tell you I played? Well, I haven't been taking it very long, but—If you really want me to, I'll run over home and get the li'l' old fiddle," he added obligingly.

"Do, please," Alice begged politely.

While Ned was gone, a small, dark, sharp-featured girl with black, frizzled hair done in huge puffs came up the walk with two men. One was a long, thin, pale fellow whom Alice recognized by the "cute mustache" as soon as he had approached near enough for her to distinguish it from his anemic countenance. The other gentleman she supposed must be the poet altho his corpulence and the Cheshire grin on his freckled physiognomy made her inclined to doubt his identity.

The dark girl rushed forward with hands extended. Oh, you are Alice Henderson, aren't you? I've been *wild* to meet you! We've heard Ellen speak of you so often. This is Mr.

Nelson, Miss Henderson, and my cousin, Mr. Klickman. You two ought to be great pals, for Ellen's told me how crazy you are about poetry and art, and so is Frank."

"Oh, I really haven't had very many poems published yet, Miss Henderson," said Mr. Klickman modestly, "but—uh—if you'd care to see it, I got a clipping here from the 'Elmton Star.'"

The poet promptly extracted a small crumpled bit of paper from his vest pocket, and permitted Alice the pleasure of perusing his masterpiece, the first verse of which ran thus:

"The rosy golden morn
Doth now the east adorn,
And with its radiant light
Doth fill my soul with delight."

"Uh—there's a place down here," he pointed out, "that doesn't exactly rhyme; but, you know, so much of this new poetry doesn't anyhow; so it don't matter much. I went all thru the alphabet, but I couldn't find a word to rhyme with crimson. About as near as I could come to it was 'flimsy.' How do you like it?" he demanded complacently.

"It is a beautiful subject," replied Alice sweetly, "I wonder how many poets have written on the dawn? Isn't the sunrise wonderful down here by the ocean?"

"Sure is. I got some pictures, too, I'd like you to see, 'specially of the sunrise and sunset. Do you use watercolors or oils?"

This aesthetic discussion was ended by the arrival of Ned with his violin. He graciously requested what the audience would care to hear, and with marvelous unanimity born of experience they chorused, "The Humoreske!" His sister dutifully accompanied him at the piano.

During the masterful performance, Alice kept her eyes soulfully fixed in rapt contemplation of the opposite corner of the ceiling and concentrated her attention on a mighty effort to prevent her features from registering anguish. Ned was flat-

tered by her evident passionate appreciation. His ambitions began to expand and soar like a balloon at a fair as he observed the effect of his performance on the visitor, carrying her into realms of lofty obstraction. Alice was considering that nothing could compare with the excruciatingly lugubrious complaint of an abused violin unless it be the mournful back-fence serenade of Tom to Tabby.

When the air ceased to vibrate with the moans and shrieks of the murdered "Humoreske," Alice removed her enchanted gaze from the ceiling with a profound sigh which inflated Ned's balloon quite to the bursting point.

"I love violin music," she averred, with a very slight accent on the last word as a sort of concession to her conscience for the implied mendacity.

"Oh, boy! Watch him tickle the keys now!" cried Mr. Alf, "*Some* musical genius, eh?"

"Oh, you just want to show off your latest steps, Vernon Castle," Ned replied.

But, nothing loath to pool all his talents in one magnificent display, he began to pound out ragtime with laudable enthusiasm and to sing with an excellent vaudeville intonation.

As Mr. Alfred Nelson danced with Alice, he made some very accurate statements concerning the weather and asked her how she liked Harland Beach and how long she had known Miss Ellen. His curiosity on these points being satisfied, he lapsed into a silence broken only by his fervent laments whenever he stepped on Alice's new little white kid pumps.

When the delightful evening had come to a close and Alice was thanking Ellen for presenting her to such charming folks, there flashed into her mind the mud pie which her little sister had pretended was a wedding cake. And she remarked whimsically under her breath, "P'like Icabod is Adonis, huh?"

Mandie Spright

Kathryn Willis, '20, *Adelphian*.

I love Mandie Spright
Because Mandie loves all the world—
And me.
She wears red calico
And lives with her grandmother
All alone.
Each day she passes with her oil-cloth book-bag,
And tells me all about herself
And her grandmother
And always about God;
For Mandie mothers all the world—
And me.
She's eight and the world and I are much older,
But Mandie is quaint and doesn't know.
She still goes on
Crying when a robin falls,
Trying to heal her ailing grandmother,
Striving to love her mother's old man,
Longing to be "fittin'" to commune from the new set with its
 silver tray and its crystal cups—
The new, sanitary communion set.

In Process of Redemption

Gladys Wells, '21, *Cornelian*.

The following paragraphs were written impromptu by some of the members of the eighth grade in one of our state reformatories, on the subject *What I Would Do With the Kaiser If I Had Him In My Power*. The fervent emotion manifested in some of them only verifies the fact that most of the people in this grade entered the institution during the time when the war was at its height; and have, since that time, been so completely segregated from current thought that their minds still operate on the basis of blood and bayonets:

"If I was to be judge as to what was to be done with the Kaiser. I would keep him away from everyone for quite a while, and give him time to think of what he had done, because we always punish everyone for their own good. And it would not do him any good to kill him, that would not do him any good or any one else."

* * * * *

"If I had the rights of the Kaiser today and to do what I think should be done with him, would be to lynch him.

"He has caused so many deaths, so much suffering in every way, ruins of cities, think of the little Belgian children turned out, under fire without home, parents or friend.

"The Kaiser was only a selfish brute he wanted to conquer the whole world, so he would get the praise for it.

"I say L-Y-N-C-H the R-A-S-C-A-L. Don't you?"

* * * * *

"If I had my way I would just preach to him and tell him what he has caused and make him see all of the cruel things he has done to other people. I would not give him any privilege to be over anyone, just punish him good by making him see what he has done.

"And God will finish the punishment in the other world to come. I hope you agree with me. I do not believe in killing anyone."

* * * * *

"If I was to be the judge of what was to be done with the Kaiser I would tie him to a tree then pile rich pine wood around him then pour a good bit of gasoline and kerosene on the wood then let who all wanted to see it get where they were going to set or stand then set it on fire."

* * * * *

"I think the Kaiser should have a chance and if he showed no signs of improving I think he should then be hung. My reason for saying this is, that suppose you should do a dark deed, and be caught in the act, then after thinking it over don't you think you would want a chance to prove yourself. I think if he should not want a chance and let his actions prove this then he should be hung. That is all the argument I can possibly carry."

* * * * *

"If I were judge of the Kiser's punishment I would say to place him in a place to himself where he would never be allowed to see anyone but priests and never to be allowed to see a woman any more because think of his tyrantical deeds to women and children, and keep him in corpal punishment for fifteen years or until he begged the atonement for all his sins, and decided himself a conquered man, and make him believe in God the Almighty and help him too beg the pardon of God Almighty."

* * * * *

"If I had the Kaiser I would take him to every country that he fought against and make him work like a "slave" for

about six months, and then I would have him hung. For the simple reason that he caused so many thousands lives to be lost.

"I did read in one paper where he said he would like to see whole Europe flow in blood. I certainly think he ought to be hung, don't you?"



The Imp

Jessie Baxley, '22, *Cornelian*.

One would never believe that such an innocent looking girl as Barbara was capable of having a dual personality so entirely different as the Imp and the Saint. Indeed she looks the part of the Saint all the time and yet the Imp is forever playing havoc with the convictions of the conventional Saint. Barbara is a pretty girl who, according to beauty experts, would be classified as an ash-blond. She has a remarkably clear complexion, grey blue eyes that often betray the Saint, and taffy colored hair—but this is to be the story of the latest escapade of the Imp and not a description of the person in whom the Imp and Saint dwell.

Having known Barbara for some time, I knew that she was the silent, yet ardent admirer of the picture of a certain man in the 1920 Yackety-Yack. All of our crowd knew of the admiration, but none knew that a certain Imp was forever inhabiting her soul.

One Sunday evening after vesper service, five of our crowd including Barbara drifted aimlessly down College Avenue. Before we realized it we were seated around one of the big fires at our "Y" Hut. Alice had moved the Edison over near us and, as she termed it, was playing the only instrument that her musical talent would allow. The rest of us were talking—not about the League of Nations, or whether the Senate of the United States should be abolished, but, probably much to our discredit, about things that might be called gossip such as, who

we knew at the University and whom we would invite to Junior-Senior. Suddenly we heard Barbara say, "I think he is the best looking man I have ever seen!" No other explanation was needed—she had the Yackety-Yack open at Richard Alden's picture.

"I move the meeting adjourn," cried Alice in the midst of our laughter.

"I second the motion for if we do not, we shall have to debate on the subject "Resolved: Richard Alden is a more beautiful example of the male species than Apollo," added Mary.

While Barbara closed the Yackety-Yack with a bang, as a result of the Imp's demand and declared, "I think you are all mean," the Saint caused her face to become a faint rose.

For some time after this incident, I did not hear Barbara mention Richard's name and I supposed that she had resolved to forget him as she had forgotten numerous others. Here I must confess that the Imp was fickle though the Saint tried hard to be true. However, this was not to be the last of Mr. Richard Alden, of Willis, N. C.

One cold, raw afternoon I had firmly declared that I did not intend to observe that forty-five minutes which in five days of our week is called Recreation Period, my puritan conscience gave me no peace until I had started for the park which is about the warmest place on the campus. There I spent the prescribed amount of time religiously recreating. Back I went to my room with a great feeling of relief, and delivered to my faithful room-mate an oration about the wrongs forced upon us by those few people in power who know nothing of the evils of walking in the cold.

In the midst of my discourse a knock sounded and in response to our loud "Come," in walked Barbara.

"Hello Folks! Isn't this awful weather? I don't think we should have to walk when it is as cold as today."

"No, I don't think so either," I responded, "but such is

life, I suppose I have walked my forty-five minutes; so I guess I needn't grumble any more."

"You have walked? I wanted you to walk with me. Come on and walk some more anyway," she insisted.

I looked at her intending to tell her that I thought she was a fit subject for a certain institution that is situated at Morganton, North Carolina; but a sort of repressed excitement in her eyes made me say, "Well let me get my coat and tam."

Much to the amazement of my room-mate, I issued forth needlessly into the frigid outer regions.

We walked quite a while before Barbara began her confession which, let me say, did shock me very much although I pretended it was just what I would have done if I had been that original. She began in a rambling way by asking me if I did not find life rather monotonous. Cautiously, I conceded, "Sometimes it is."

"Well," she continued, "some times it gets so monotonous for me I feel like I will have to scream or do something rash." I suspected that this time she had resorted to the latter alternative; so I said, "which has it been this time?"

"Oh, I've done something rash! Prepare yourself for the shock—I have written Richard Alden and, more shocking, I've already received an answer by return mail."

To this I merely replied, "Tell me all about it," as my curiosity overcame my sense of propriety.

She told me that Alice had dared her to write Dick, and thereupon she had immediately written him. Then she produced the rough form of her letter and read it to me. I began to see that such a correspondence was going to be very interesting. She began with simple confession that she was bored to death with College life and that for some time she had admired his picture in the Yackety-Yack. Then in a philosophical way she commented on the life of a College girl with some references to herself and her dual personality. I wish I could reproduce the letter for you, but I can only give a few points

in it. She ended by saying if he wanted to break the monotony of her present life, he could write her to the address of combination box No. 500. Then she read me his answer and it was quite enough to break the monotony of anyone's life. It was a good match for hers, full of fun and then becoming serious and giving a bit of his philosophy of life. He gave her the name of the Imp since, he said, it wasn't much fun to write to "Combination Box No. 500," and he said he hoped the Saint in her would not deprive him of the pleasure of such nice letters in the future. The dinner bell ended our discussion of the letter, and for a week I did not get to talk to Barbara about the secret, (for she had made me vow I would not tell until the entire affair ended).

Throughout two months the letters of Dick Alden and Barbara furnished me with enough material for many hours of reflective thought. I did not believe that Barbara could keep her identity from Dick so long, but she did quite successfully and each letter was more interesting than the last. Every week, I looked forward to his letter as much as Barbara did, and I always read her answers. The philosophy in both was worthy of a poet. However, Christmas holidays were almost here. Dick had written Barbara begging for her address because, he said, it was quite necessary for him to write her during the holidays and a letter addressed, "The Imp," "Some where in North Carolina" was not likely to reach her. After some hours of discussion between us, we decided that it was not yet time for Dick really to know who Barbara was. So in a "Christmassy" letter Barbara told him to send all her letters to the College so they would be waiting for her when she came back; and, she added they would serve as a good cure for homesickness. Dick consented to this but still he was disappointed, he said. With this problem solved we existed the remaining two days before the vacation and parted joyfully for our homes. Two weeks, however, proved to be a shorter time than we could imagine, and it seemed like only a dream. I did not see Barbara until the

morning after I had returned. I met her coming out of the library and with the spirit of the Imp shining in her eyes, she handed me two letters. I recognized Dick's hand writing on one letter but the other was rather strange. To satisfy my curiosity I opened the one addressed in the strange hand writing and on one folder of stationery was the following verse:

"If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

Yours,

TOM."

For a few minutes I could not think who Tom was. Then I remembered that Tom was the one Barbara had fussed with last fall. I opened the other letter. It was funny that Dick had used two envelopes—rather peculiar. Then I opened the one folder on which was engraved.

*Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Earl
Announce the Marriage
of Their Daughter,
Mary Ruth
To
Mr. James Richard Alden
December Twenty-Fifth,
Nineteen Hundred and Twenty.*

The Golden Age

Mary H. Blair, '21, *Cornelian*.

I do not like a bard who sings
Of olden time imagined things
And thinks from them all beauty springs,

Whose music is the borrowed song
Of ages that have buried long
Their days of happiness and wrong.

The poets of the past have sung;
Let no presumptuous modern tongue
Wake echoes where their lyres are hung.

But let him seek a newer theme,
Today's event, tomorrow's dream,
Where beauties ever present gleam.

The Golden Age is not behind,
But in the future we shall find
The joyous goal of humankind.

Light Essays and Sketches



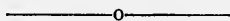
Freshman Comments

The Modern Coiffure

Linda Smith, '24, *Cornelian*.

Many, many years ago, when the Grecian Empire was at its height, a woman's hair was considered her crowning glory. Nowadays, when it can be bought at the ten cent store, it is not so much an object of envy, but it is still an element to be considered in taking inventory of any beauty's charms. Therefore do would-be-beauties spend long, but undeniably delightful hours in arranging this attraction. For many years fashion has decreed the banishment of the human ear. Indeed the present style has held sway for so long, that no doubt the poor ear has despaired of ever reappearing. 'Tis true that once in a while we hear a rumor to the effect that it is now the latest thing to comb the hair straight back and roll it into a demure

knot. At such times the more daring of us commit the shocking impropriety of exposing the ear, but not for long. We soon hear that it was a false alarm, and upon looking around us discover that we have run the gauntlet for nothing. The uncomplaining ear is still concealed beneath great puffs. Many of us have made New Year resolutions, or Fourth-of-July resolutions or something of the kind that we will never again tangle our hair. We will simply brush it and pull it smoothly over the ears. This plan does not work very well, for the curious ear, (and what wonder after its long confinement) peeps thru. Like the others we recur to the puffs. O' for some one to set us free from this bondage! But to all appearances we are bound forever. No doubt we shall find in after years, that, like the famous Louis the Fourteenth heels the modern coiffure was designed by some vain person whose ears were a trifle too large for beauty.



On Dressing the Hair

Olive MacKinnon, '24, *Adelphian*.

While men are doing all they can to conserve time, it seems that women are trying to give more time to dressing their hair than to any other pastime. They enjoy wearing haystacks (commonly called ear-puffs) upon their ears. It is quite a mystery how the women who boast of wearing the largest puffs the same size and shape, in a fit of despair, have bobbed it. ~~can enter on ordinary doorway. They must~~ turn side-ways and enter. Women who have exhausted their strength by standing before the mirror endeavoring to get both puffs the same size and shape, in a fit of despair, have bobbed it. Shame on you, ye fallen women, to let a man know you don't have any more patience than to do such a thing. Why, those ear puffs were a mark of energy!

In the N. C. College Dining Hall

Nelle Jones, '24, *Cornelian*.

When you hear four hundred voices with one accord shouting, "May I go back?" you should realize that you are in the dining hall of a well known college of our state.

The visitor is then further entertained by the sound of seven hundred chairs scraping on the floor and as many girls beginning to talk. They talk because they have not seen their next door neighbors since lunch, or breakfast, or the night before. Then they must discuss the classes they have for the day; letters they did, or did not, get; examinations, and other pleasant topics which must be saved for the dining room. They all agree with the walrus:

"The time has come, the Walrus said;
To talk of many things;
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax
Of cabbages and kings."

They talk to be talking, and they talk to fill the time until the girl who has rushed headlong "back" arrives, and they all begin something which, even to a girl, is as interesting as talking.

That Heart of Ours

Mary Byrd Blackwell, '21, *Cornelian*.

Heart, old pal, you are the ficklest lady I know. Sometimes sad, glad, sometimes false and true. Sometimes palpitating, leaking. Sometimes yearning, churning, burning.

Sometimes capricious, again facetious, but I can't live without you! Hearts, hearts everywhere, yet the almighty dollar cannot buy a wee one of them.

Red, red red—danger. Stop! Look! Listen! No trespassing here! But heart, you've been a pretty good old heart. Altho you've been battered often, you've never broken yet. With all your human qualities, I've caught you trying to make a get-away.

But heart o' mine, sometimes you get yourself in my mouth. Well, you frighten me so. Do we remember as you, I and one more were sitting by the brightly crackling open fire when you began behaving in the crankiest and most unprecedented manner—there you began to caper like the witches of old, cavorting about as if possessed of ten thousand devils. Then heart, those thrills which permeated you like the odor of frying ham, percolating coffee, on a cold windy night. Then you began to burn, old heart. And heart, you were too aged to be acting like a fourteen year old with your first date. You didn't know what to do. I know the One More is hearing you squeak like a pair of \$1.98 shoes entering a church the last one. But heart, be reasonable. Have you got St. Vitus dance? Is it that you are trying to make an escape thru this cell wall, and go and dwell across the way. Heart, you are not smoke—something that can ooze out and not be missed. Remember, if you leave, I stay where I am, now unable to ever leave—a confirmed victim to heart failure. Would you leave me bankrupt without the necessary funds to keep on living on? You wouldn't want me to be heartless—please heart, don't gasp that way. Quick! Soda—Mills of Magnesias—to the rescue.

I guess that those thirteen hot dogs a la onions, that pound of Limberger cheese, that gallon of butter milk, that hunk of corn bread and batch of cold cabbage and those seventeen piping hot biscuits that "your near neighbor" adopted tonight must have been too much for little delicate you.

Happy Tho' Miserable

Augusta Sapp, '23, *Cornelian*.

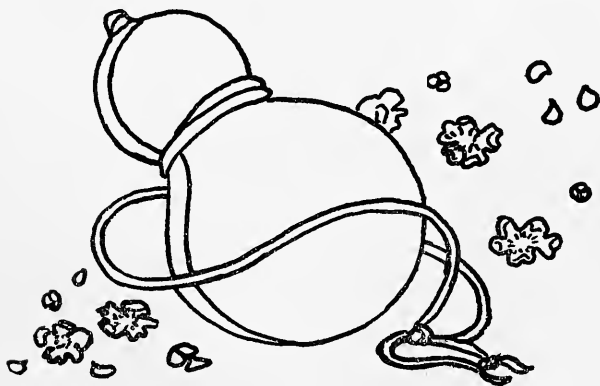
I am happy—gloriously happy, yet I am miserable. The thoughts of the ordeal which I anticipate for tomorrow makes me very unhappy. I have a mental picture of the curious crowd, with poor me before them. I can comfort myself only with the thoughts that it will not be for long.

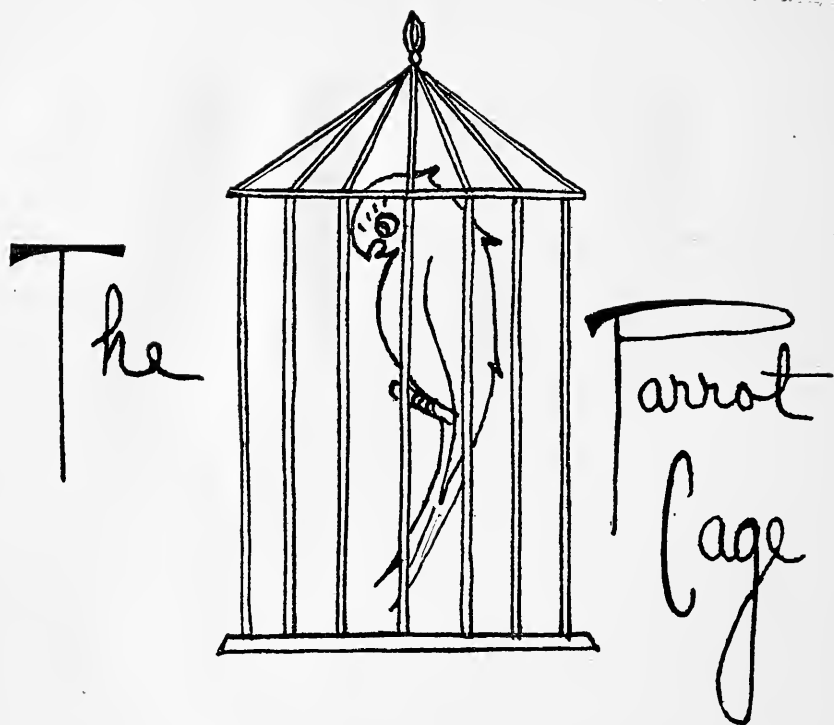
Why were men made to long for, and to dread this very moment! I am as happy as I can be, for the very highest point of my hopes has been, or is about to be, attained, and yet, somehow, I have never looked forward to anything with quite so much dread before. My sensations are mixed! I can think of no remedy for the various feelings which I am now experiencing.

The whole thing appears before my mind in appalling reality. The big assembly hall—overflowing with people who are interested, and those who came because they never miss a thing—The whole company who will aid in the accomplishment of the purpose of the meeting. I can hear the tones of distant music, which seems to thrill the assembly, for they seem expectant. The time has come. I am now, step by step, drawing nearer the place where the other people vitally concerned are waiting. I have read about this very thing thousands of times, and always envied the men who seemed so entirely at ease. I can not understand how any writer can discuss this subject with such calmness and unconcern. I am beginning to be undeceived! The long looked-for day for me has approached. I am happy, supremely so, and yet—to be frank, I have never been so unhappy in my life. I did not dream that a fellow could have such fears, such feminine uneasiness. I am utterly perplexed!

I tried to calm my fears in sleep, only to dream the whole performance in an utterly ridiculous way. When I awoke my mind was totally upset. I could think of nothing clearly.

I heard foot steps and a deep voice, which called to me, and awakened me from my stupor. My boyhood friend came to see how I was bearing up under the strain. He seemed to take it as a huge joke—the fact that while I am happy, I am very miserable. He did not understand—he is not going to be married tomorrow!





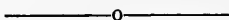
A Valentine Ditty

Em Goforth, '22, *Dikean*.

This is a simple Valentine lay
Sung of our folk of a by-gone day.
Sallie, the daughter of Farmer Dell
Was a most winsome, beautiful belle.
Tall and gallant enough to please her
Was the handsome young squire, Ebenezer,
He was as trim as a sparrow in May

Perfect in all that he dared to say.
Of all his features, 'twas his hair
That Sallie regarded as the most fair.
It was as sleek as his old mare, Gray's,
His eyes were as calm as down o'er the bays.
Now it happened that Valentine Day
Came, and with youthful heart as gay.
As the mating birds far in the valley,
Ebenezer prepared to call on Sallie.
He scrubbed up his face and he soaped down his hair
And he put on his Sunday shirt, but to spare
His treasured white front he slipped on an old blouse
Which he would remove in sight of her house.
"Now," thot he, "I'll win Sallie's heart
I'll never let her from me part."
With my manly air and my sleek black hair
I'll win my mother a daughter fair."
Thus ran the mind of Ebenezer
As he saddled old Gray, and eagerly "gee's" her.
As she goes galloping down the road
Gallop, gallop, gallop down the road.
At first the sun shone on his way
Then darker and darker grew the day.
Suddenly around him the clouds burst asunder
Followed by lightning and peels of thunder.
Down on the head of the gallant knight
The rain produced rapidly soap suds white.
On the sleek, black hair the soap suds did rear
A halo of frothiness from ear to ear.
"Ah," thot he, "Ah now," cried he
"I must take off my old blouse immediately.
For soon I will be at Sallie's house—"
And he thot how bright his white front shone.
Blinded by soap suds he could not see
As he raised his arms in a sycamore tree

That hung o'er the shady, friendly road
Just within sight of his lady's abode.
As he raised his arms his hands he pressed
Into a huge yellow jacket's nest.
Enraged by this sudden, strongly blow
The yellow jackets furiously rushed out to show.
That Valentine day was not one of remorse
They stung the rider; they stung the horse.
The horse in her turn madly stung the air
She ran and she leaped and she tried to tear
Her rider from her. With his hair
A halo of soap suds; his eyes full of suds
His face covered up with his every day duds.
She bore him up to his lady's door
She threw him off with a sickening roar.
He fell to the ground at Sallie's feet
And speedily she did beat retreat.
Some say she never saw him more
Some say she helped him from the floor
But this is sure, his primping ceased
And of his lovely qualities, his pride was least!



Scared? No!

Irene Caldwell, '23, *Cornelian*.

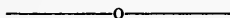
Here I sit shaking with fear,
With no one to comfort, no one to cheer,
Waiting with patience their verdict to hear—
The verdict of the house committee.

O'er the floor I slowly pace,
'Thinking of the times I've fallen from grace

And wondering what they'll do with my case—
That powerful house committee!

Off and on tears fill my eyes—
But who in the world could do otherwise?
Then I firmly resolve to tell no lies
To that awful house committee.

I hear them coming up the hall
It seems to me that's my name they call,
So I'll breathe a prayer and surrender all
To that merciless house committee.



Her Nose

Mary H. Blair, '21, *Cornelian*.

I know a girl whose classic nose
Has excellent proportions,
While on my countenance there grows
A knob of queer contortions.

The noses of the most of us
Are somewhat like cartoons,
Too long or short or hooked or thin
Or swelled like red balloons.

And while we mourn their funny shapes
And count them as our chiefest woes,
That fortunate but foolish girl
Would shorten that rare, classic nose!

Exchanges



If the remarks contained in this section should seem too highly flavored with pepper, where sugar was confidently expected, we beg you to believe that it is in the hope that our fellow publications will profit by the exposure of what we consider their weaknesses, and that they will cast away all polite restraints and serve us with as hot a repast in their Exchange column.

In "The Isaqueena" the editorial on "The Grind of a Real Student" was exceptionally strong. The poems are fairly good and the stories are equal to the average college productions, but war subjects are growing stale. "The White Death" is entirely too melodramatic. The handling of such a grewsome plot should be left to a deft artist like Poe.

"The College Message" deals more directly with current events than most college magazines. The news is no more trivial than the majority that appear in college publications. We would all do well, however, to adopt the theory of the best poets; that poetry should be written in words of common speech, rather than in stereotyped poetic jargon. In this magazine the dearth of short stories is very noticeable.

"Archive," your stories are too high-schoolish for your reputation. They are either all moonlight and soft voices, or what isn't so very different, quite impossible. And your verse should reach out and include more than moon dreams or freshman fallacies, or food adieux. You've got a good knack at words, so why not use them in a light essay or something other than the History of the Tobacco Industry. Leave that to year books!

"The Tattler" has only two stories in the November issue and both of these are tragedies. Both stories would have been more effective if they had been in combination with a story of the opposite type. As it is, the magazine is rather depressing. The story, "Nadir" would have been better if it had ended when the climax was reached instead of continuing for one hundred and sixty words. A college of your size should publish more verse and short stories.

The Blackstonian devotes too large a portion of its space to student activities and locals, to the neglect of the literary side of their college life. They seem to be seeking the opposite fault from that with which they have charged "The Autocrat" from Lynchburg College. The poetry in their autumn issue is too jingly and evidently written in haste. "The First Breakfast Bell" treats a subject for light essay in a too moralizing and serious vein at first and tries to add some humor at the end, the whole giving a very paradoxical effect. "Telephonics" has the distinction of being the best attempt in the number and has, to a certain extent, originality of subject and handling. We like your "Sparklers" but where are your geniuses of the short story?

—Students— Patronize Our Advertisers

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